Bid him farewell commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes and take leaue of them.
Puer. Oh Grandsire, Grandsire, eu'n with all my hart,
VVould I were dead so you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choacke me if I ope my mouth.
Romane. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bin breeder of these dyre euents.
Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him,
There let him stand and raue and crie for foode.
If any one releeues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome,
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.
Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and furie dumb,
I am no babie I, that with base prayers
I should repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did
VVould I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my verie soule.
Lu. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him burial in his fathers graue,
My Father and *Lauinia* shall forthwith,
Be closed in our households monument,
As for that rauinous tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weede,
No mournefull bell shall ring her buriall
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastlie and deuoide of pittie,
And being dead let birds on her take pittie.

Exeunt.

Finis the Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.